

A COLLECTION OF ADMIRABLE GERMAN SONGS.

WINGED MESSENGER	Fesca	3½
MAY BREEZES	Keipl	2
WHAT IN MY HEART SO DEEP	Gumbert	3
MY HOME	Doppler	3½
LORELY	Silcher	3
AVE MARIA	Kuecken	"
GOOD NIGHT FAREWELL	"	"
IMAGE OF THE ROSE	Reichardt	"
AVE MARIA	Schubert	3½
THE WANDERER	"	"
LA SERENADE	"	"
MY OWN DEAR NATIVE HOME	Gumbert	"
WHEN THE SWALLOWS	Abt	3
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE	"	"
THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR	Reichardt	4
LOVE'S REQUEST	"	3
FAR OER THE STARS IS REST	Abt	3½
HOW FAIR ART THOU	Weidt	3½
PRAISE OF TEARS	Schubert	4
MAID OF JUDAH	Kuecken	3½
STAY WITH ME	Abt	3½
SERENADE	Schubert	3
THE TEAR	Heiser	3½

→ SAINT LOUIS ←

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MY OWN DEAR NATIVE HOME.

DAS THEURE VATERHAUS.

By

F. GUMPERT.

Andantino.

PIANO.

I know what is so love - - ly, And dear to ev - - ry
 Ich weiss mir et - was Lieb - - es auf Gott - es weit - er

race; That ev - er in my bo - - som, Will keep the dear - est
 Welt, das stets in meinem Hertz - en den ers - ten Platz be -



place. No friend, not even a maid - - en, Nor aught wher-e'er I
hält! Kein Freund und auch kein Lieb - chen ver - drängen es da-



roam Can blight the place of child - - hood My own dear na - - tive
-haus, Es ist im Vater - lan - - de das theure Va - - ter-



home! Can blight the place of child - - - hood My own dear na - - tive
-haus! Es ist im Vater - lan - - - de das theu - re Va - - ter-

a piacere. *rit.*

colla parte. *rit.*



home!
-haus!

Life's wild and noi-sy plea - - sures, Will in the breast de-
 Des Leb - ens lau - te Freu - - den ver - - hall-en in der

-cay; But no - thing from my bo - - som, Can drive this love a -
 Brust, ich blei - be stets in Her - - zen des Lieb - sten mir be -

-way. My tears are free - ly flow - - ing, My heart's in grief and
 -wusst! Es drängen aus den Aug - - en die Thränen sich her -

gloom When thinking of my child - hood And my dear na - - tive
 -aus, Denk' ich an meine Hei - math An's theure Va - - ter -

a piacere.

rit.

Home! When thinking of my child - - - hood And my dear Na - tive
-haus! Denk ich an meine Hei - - - math An's theu - re Va - ter -

colla parte.

rit.

Home!
-haus!

- And when I shall have finished,
Life's burden still to bear;
Then heap a mound upon me,
3. And plant a flower there.
But take from out my bosom,
The heart that's full of gloom;
There is no place of quiet,
But in my Native Home!

— * —

- Und hab' ich einst geendet
Des Lebens bittern Lauf,
Dann setzt mir einen Hügel
3. Und pflanzt ein Blumlein d'rauf.
Doch nehmt aus meinem Busen
Das arme Herz heraus,
Das Herz, das hat nur Ruhe
Im theuren Vaterhaus.

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